



Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle"

[Intro: Lowkey]

It's been a long time coming
Too long
Too long
It's been in the making a quarter century
But it's here now
It's here now
If by the time you hear this album
I'm not here
You know why

[Hook: Mavado]

Tell ya
So mi say
Too many suffering too many tears
To see a youth die I'm a know him for years
When me look around nobody care
The people dem a live inna fear

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 1: Lowkey]

My music is my natural resource, now I want it back
Til I sever every single chain I will not relax
Just constant attack, til my world looks like Monserrat
Contact my comrades, for combat, what's conscious rap
When you say the truth, they attack like a Sabertooth
Thinking clear they make you disappear like you hate the fruit
We don't need more Boeings, we don't need more Rebors, weed or Lyor Cohens
They tell us about terrorism and tell us about terrorists
Look up the definition and tell us what terror is
Only know the definition if the television tells us it
Public Enemy #1 they treat me like Professor Griff
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]

Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
And they fi protect and dem a leave people
I me no si no system fi di street people
Can't believe di money lead people

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (Woo ooh! oi!)

The system need to change right now
To much you do could a inna grieve right now
I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 2: Lowkey]

On the news, they glorify their own henchmen
Support the troops, but won't mention Joe Glenton
It's funny 'cos the rappers are posing as the gangsters
While the government taking money as bonuses for bankers
In life you learn, to close your eyes and hold your tongue
But together we will overcome, there's never been a chosen one
Still tryina understand, the land I stand on
I'll probably die from cancerous anger like Franz Fanon
I will never give up, I will never just quit
I will never give in, I will never submit
The reason that I came, Is bleeding from the veins
Of the people cus we equal, only Freedom is the aim
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]

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The system need to change right now
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I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

[Verse 3: Lowkey]

If you're subordinate to corporate guys supplying you orders
You're fighting fire with fire, I'm fighting fire with water
When they kill me, I know I'll die with a focused mind

Plus there will be millions of me, ready to multiply
Dont just mention, acknowledge me, remember to honour me
My pen and this honesty, defending equality
Declared a republic, and ended your monarchy
Your corporate dictatorship, pretends it's democracy
I hold your bloodline, accountable for every crime
Adam Smith to Rothschild, it's all been a clever lie
Two choices now, revolution or genocide
But thanks to Rupert Murdoch neither one will be televised
This album has been in the making a quarter century
Born to bless the beat and rap over recorded melody
I knew the truth since I was a small little boy
I am a product of the system I was born to destroy

[Hook: Mavado]

Me can't believe I saw dem cheat people
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I know si the bigger is a give right now
After ghetto people a no steep right now (yeah yeah!)

Lowkey Lyrics

"Too Much"

(feat. Shadia Mansour)

[Intro: Lauryn Hill]

If you down with the rich man, and that can be rich in anything,
Don't you take too much,
If you laugh at a poor man, and that can be poor in anything,
Don't you laugh too much,
If you tryin' to be rich man, and that can be rich in anything
Don't you take too much,
And if you need to be needed, and you're lookin' for purpose,
Just remember, don't you need too much...

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]

If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

[Verse 1: Lowkey]

Money can buy power, but it can't buy respect
Money can't buy sleep, but it can buy a bed
Money can't buy you love, but it can buy sex
Do you posses money or by money are you possessed?
Money can buy a house, but it can't buy a home
So even with money you still feel all alone
Money can buy you friends, but it can't buy family
Money can't make you happy, that's just a fallacy
It can buy a bath, but it can't buy purity
It can buy bodyguards, but it can't buy security
While people around the world starve, I eat
Cause money can buy war, but it can't buy peace
Some do everything and anything to get the p's
The society we livin' in, it's a necessity
It's got the power to turn your best friends to enemies
It's funny cause money doesn't follow us when we leave.

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]

If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

[Verse 2: Lowkey]

Does happiness live in a mansion with a swimming pool?
I know people with plenty of money that are miserable
We all need to earn in this world we live
Most work for it, some steal, but many worship it
Some sell poison for it, some seek employment for it

We need it to survive, so some clean the toilets for it
I need papes to live but never will I live for papes
Abolish the Queen, I don't wanna see that witch's face
Many sell their soul for it, no not me
Some will try to tell you that it doesn't grow on trees
I heard the sayin' said, many a time, but they were wrong
Cause if it doesn't tell me where do you get the paper from?
Most think they will be happy if they only had more of it
Some wasted, some feel more important because they're born with it
Some have got the nerve to say you're fraudulent for forging it
The truth is you don't need a fortune to be fortunate.

[Hook: Shadia Mansour]

If you take something you, don't need, and keep it
Then you've stolen from somebody else who's hungry
Everything that you do, is everything you are
Everything that I am, is everything you'll ever need.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Voices Of The Voiceless"

(with Immortal Technique)

[Lowkey]

From West 10 to the West Bank,
I write righteous rhymes with my right and wrestle the devil with my left hand,
Never work for a Zionist, never been a yes man,
My art is like Rembrandt painting pictures of death camps,
The average person is allergic to the words of wisdom,
This is for everyone of Saddam's Kurdish murder victims,
And all the pure souls that never had the chance to speak,
Truth pumps in my arteries and causes my heart to beat,
For soldiers haunted and tortured by guilty memories,
Who realized too late to reveal their real enemy,
It's all dead wrong
For every victim of racist persecution from Auschwitz to Hebron,
My words may sting cowards,
For people that were atomized by the Thermate in the Twin Towers
Those living through the wars,
Ask me what I do this for,
Put the world in its place before it put you in yours,

[Chorus]

[Rochelle Rose]

What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,

[Lowkey]

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Rochelle Rose]

Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,

[Lowkey]

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Immortal Technique]

Keep my third eye hidden under my New York fitted,
A crazy unmarried man that deserves to be committed,
The future is encrypted in my troubled lyrics,
Dream that I've been somewhere for weeks, then wake up in a couple minutes,
Sweat dripping with visions of population control,
Thoughts overflowing my world like the melting of the North Pole,
My people are targeted by military crack committees,
So I'm bucking at the feds like natives in Rapid City,
Reality savage, my words are like a riot in Paris,
The voice of the voiceless, that voice is social imbalance,
So stand strong or sit harder in your mental palace,
Blinded inside a Kingdom united to its old habits,

But now, Middle Passage coming, War Chant, African drumming,
Gatling gun humming,
Rapid fire mechanism, reckless living,
That checks the rhythm of perfectionism,
Slave condition,
While you're singing God save the system,

[Chorus]

[Rochelle Rose]

What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,

[Lowkey]

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Rochelle Rose]

Take our freedom, Can't take our pride,
Come what may we will survive,

[Lowkey]

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,
You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Lowkey]

Detain my body, but you can't imprison my mind,
If it's my time I'll probably die with my fist in the sky,
These are the thoughts of a man who can't escape from his coma,
Cries of a young virgin girl who got raped by them soldiers,

[Immortal Technique]

Birthing a screaming bastard, post colonial nation,
Subject to childhood diseases, famine, war and inflation,
Education molded you into your masters image,
And you forgot who the f*ck you were before the war was finished

[Lowkey]

You're hearing the ghosts of Nagasaki, you're hearing Hiroshima,
Beautiful babies being born with the weirdest features,
You might never see me in the charts,
But Inshallah my seed can see peace in Iraq,

[Immortal Technique]

But peace and freedom can never be given,
That's historically forbidden, cause only collision is the recipe,
Changing the course of destiny, so I'm strapped with weaponry,

[Lowkey & Immortal Technique]

'Cause the government don't give a f*ck about protecting me.

[Chorus]

[Rochelle Rose]

What happens under darkness shall come to light,
Can't silence us even though you try,

[Lowkey]

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless

You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

[Rochelle Rose]

Take our freedom, can't take our pride,

Come what may we will survive,

[Lowkey]

You can try to avoid us but it's pointless,

You can never avoid the voices of the voiceless

Lowkey Lyrics

"Hand On Your Gun"

[Intro:]

This one is dedicated to the suit-wearing arms dealers
To the champagne-sipping depleted uranium droppers

[Hook:]

Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

[Verse 1:]

First in my scope is BAE Systems
Specialize in killing people from a distance
Power is a drug and they feed the addiction
Immediate deletion of people's existence
Who says what is and what isn't legitimate resistance
To push these buttons you don't need a brave heart
State of the art darts leave more than your face scarred
You might impress an A&R with your fake bars
Cause you probably think Rolls Royce only make cars
This is for the colonizers turned bomb-providers
Take this beef all the way back to Oppenheimer
They call it warfare but your wars aren't fair
If they were there'd be suicide bombers in Arms Fairs
On a scam for the funds, they will mangle your son
If you try to speak out they will stamp on your tongue
To your land they will come till you stand up as one
It's begun

[Hook:]

Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

[Verse 2:]

Next in my scope is Lockheed Martin
They will tell you when the bombs need blastin'
Don't think, just listen to the songs, keep dancin'
Do they really want us to have our own brains
Who do you think is really running Guantanamo Bay
And it might be sensitive but I'll mention it
Who do you think has got us filling out the censuses
Who do you think is handing out the sentences
This ain't the BBC so there's no censorship
Heard of many mercenaries gettin' with the clever pimp
Not a gun seller but none's better than Erik Prince

Make money off many things, mainly it's crime
This one is dedicated to the Raytheon 9
On a scam for the funds, they will mangle your son
If you try to speak out they will stamp on your tongue
To your land they will come till you stand up as one
It's begun

[Hook:]

Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone
Keep your hand on your gun
Don't you trust anyone

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(feat. Rev. Jeremiah Wright)

What Malcolm X said when he got silenced by Elijah Mohammed was in fact true: America's chickens... are
coming home to roost.
We took this country by terror, away from the Sioux, the Apache, the Arowak, the Comanche, the Arapahoe, the
Navajo. Terrorism.
We took Africans from their country to build our way of ease and kept them enslaved and living in fear. Terrorism.
We bombed Granada and killed innocent civilians, babies, non-military personnel.
We bombed the black civilian community of Panama with stealth bombers and killed unarmed teenagers and
toddlers, pregnant mothers, and hardworking fathers.
We bombed Qaddafi's home and killed his child.
Blessed are they who bash your children's head against a rock.
We bombed Iraq. We killed unarmed civilians trying to make a living.
We bombed a plant in Sudan to payback for the attack on our embassy, killed hundreds of hardworking people,
mothers and fathers who left home to go that day not knowing that they would never get back home.
We bombed Hiroshima, we bombed Nagasaki and we nuked far more than the thousands in New York and the
Pentagon and we never batted an eye.
Kids playing in the playground, mothers picking up children after school, civilians, not soldiers, people just trying
to make it day by day.
We have supported state terrorism against the Palestinians and Black South Africans and now we are indignant
because the stuff we have done overseas is now brought right back to our own front yards.
America's chickens are coming home to roost.
Violence begets violence.
Hatred begets hatred.
And terrorism begets terrorism.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Terrorist?"

[Intro:]

So, We must ask ourselves, What is the dictionary definition of "Terrorism"?
The systematic use of terror especially as a means of coercion
But what is terror?

According to the dictionary I hold in my hand, Terror, is violent or destructive acts
Such as bombing committed by groups in order to intimidate a population,
Or government into granting their demands

So what's a terrorist?

[Hook:]

They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence
Oh how these people judge...

[Verse 1:]

It seems like the Rag-heads and Paki's are worrying your Dad
But your dad's favorite food is curry and kebab
It's funny, but it's sad how they make your mummy hurry with her bags
Rather read The Sun than study all the facts
Tell me, what's the bigger threat to human society
BAE Systems or home made IED's
Remote controlled drones, killing off human lives
Or man with home made bomb committing suicide
I know you were terrified when you saw the towers fall
It's all terror but some forms are more powerful
It seems nuts, how could there be such agony
When more Israeli's die from peanut allergies
It's like the definition didn't ever exist
I guess it's all just depending who your nemesis is
Irrelevant how eloquent the rhetoric peddler is
They're telling fibs, now tell us who the real terrorist is

[Hook:]

They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence

Oh how these people judge...

[Verse 2:]

Lumumba was democracy – Mossadegh was democracy
Allende was democracy – Hypocrisy it bothers me
Call you terrorists if you don't wanna be a colony
We used to bow down to a policy of robbery
Is terrorism my lyrics?
When more Vietnam vets kill themselves after the war than died in it?
This is very basic...
One nation in the world has over a thousand military bases
They say it's religion, when clearly it isn't
It's not just Muslims that oppose your imperialism
Is Hugo Chavez a Muslim? Nah... I didn't think so
Is Castro a Muslim? Nah... I didn't think so
It's like the definition didn't ever exist
I guess it's all just depending who your nemesis is
Irrelevant how eloquent the rhetoric peddler is
They're telling fibs, now tell us who the terrorist is

[Hook:]

They're calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
When they put it on me, I tell them this
I'm all about peace and love
They calling me a terrorist
Like they don't know who the terror is
Insulting my intelligence
Oh how these people judge...

[Outro: x2]

You think that I don't know,
But I know, I know, I know
You think that we don't know
But we know

You think that I don't know,
But I know, I know, I know
You think that we don't know
But we DO

Was Building 7 terrorism?
Was nanothermite terrorism?
Diego Garcia was terrorism,
I am conscious the Contras was terrorism,
Phosphorous that burns hands – that is terrorism,
Irgun and Stern Gang that was terrorism,
What they did in Hiroshima was terrorism,
What they did in Fallujah was terrorism,
Mandela ANC – that was terrorism,
Jerry Adams IRA – that was terrorism,
Eric Prince black water – it was terrorism,
Oklahoma, McVeigh – that was terrorism,

Everyday USA – that is terrorism,
Everyday UK – that is terrorism,
Everyday...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Something Wonderful"

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
For the women of the world, because women are the world
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again
I'm just letting you know...

I'm tryna be a good man, I can't speak for the others
Know the saying heaven lies at the feet of your mother
Mine showed me the definition of hard work and
Smiles through her tears even though her heart's hurting
Speaks her mind and never ever bites her tongue
I guess today you can say I'm just like my mum
Great grandmother was in Beirut in '82
In a flat when it got invaded by Israeli troops
Sleeping in the hallway for shelter from the bullets
And that's why I'll always respect her to the fullest
Physically gone, all memories are kept in a picture
In Baghdad my nan slept with a Beretta in her slipper
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

I'm not claiming to be perfect, I know what a curve is
But a woman's worth isn't just on the surface
I see too many young women craving affection
Degrading themselves for a male's attention
I know it's love that you're certain that you felt
But messing with these different guys you're just searching for yourself
Would it whore-ish to boast how high your score is
When a man does it, a player is what you call him
What if it's all just lies when she talks to guys
Displays promiscuous ways like it's all alright
Would it make you squirm if the tables turned
Is that really what it would take to make you learn
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...

To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

Certain things are too deep to put in a verse
Let me apologize to every single woman I've hurt
Or disrespected whether family members or ex's
I wanna make amends for however I left it
Men make them, but the women get harmed in wars
I pray for a heart as pure as Assata Shakur's
We put them down on but on the pedestal we should put them
Behind every good man, there's a good women
Betty Shabazz lost her husband to the handguns
And lost her life when her house was burned down by her grandson
Qubilah saw her father murdered when the hammers passed
So I feel her pain when she tried to murder Farrakhan
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dreamers"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Intro:]

This one is dedicated to the dreamers
Most people see things that are there and ask why
Dreamers, see things that aren't there and ask why not
I'm dreamin' with you

[Verse 1:]

I once knew a girl who on the surface was as solid as a rock
Future full of promise and mind seemed stronger than a ox
Face of beauty and a tongue was as honest as it got
That wasn't what is was, problem rock bottom she was lost
I couldn't see this sweet genius was full of secrets
Full of demons that pulled her deeper in this pool of leeches
Confused by the news, I was bruised when they told me
It concludes to the truth, was she consumed by the loneliness?
She was a true queen, nothing like Elizabeth
Often caught her starin' into space with a distant look
Considerate but detached from others even when intimate
Now I'm searchin' for answers I'd never find in a book
Last time I saw her, before the day she took her life
I wish I fixed her pain, I shoulda, coulda, woulda tried,
But I took it personally and turned to leave,
And to this day I'm still haunted by the words she screamed...

[Hook:]

Sometimes I really really hate myself
Sometimes I wish that I could change myself
Sometimes I don't wanna give no more
And sometimes I just don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I don't know where to go for help
Sometimes I don't really know myself
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
And find away to a brighter day

[Verse 2:]

They say that life is a question and death is the answer
But Niko lost his brother and Rewds lost his father
God bless your souls please know that I love you both
They say time heals but the pain still doesn't go
I've seen my brother die and seen my mother cry
Seen the wind change in the flutter of a butterfly
Seen people get sectioned for life, I think and wonder
A small twist of fate, that could've been my brother
25 years a life could say thus far
I always have wondered who the same ones are
Though I live by the words fear not I'm afraid

When I wrote this so many tears dropped on the page
It's mad how death always manifests in the weirdest ways
Won't go near the grave but in my dreams he appears the same
Then I get closer and see his face, it's clear as day
He looks me deep in the eyes and I hear him say...

[Hook:]

Sometimes I really really hate myself
Sometimes I wish that I could change myself
Sometimes I don't wanna give no more
And sometimes I just don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I don't know where to go for help
Sometimes I don't really know myself
Sometimes I wish that I could fly away
And find away to a brighter day

[Repeat]

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Tariq Ali)

Dear friends, I think it's now, time to at least have a first balance sheet, not the last, the first balance sheet of the

Obama presidency

As many of you know the images of the campaign are still vivid

Big, large mobilizations in the United States, of young people primarily, desperate for change

And the slogan of that campaign: Change We Can Believe In"

Change Change Change

But what has changed and what hasn't changed

There has been of course been a change in the presidency, and we can't complain too much about that

[Laughter]

There is a new vice-president also in the United States, and we can't complain too much about that *[Laughter*

and Applause]

But the Defence Secretary is the same. That's the guy who sits in the pentagon and organizes wars, and the reason he was kept on was to show that there is, there are both elements of discontinuity at the top AND very

strong elements of continuity

And the reason for that, is that if you wear Caesar's clothes, you have to behave like Caesar

Lowkey Lyrics

"Obama Nation"

[Intro:]

This track is not an attack upon the American people
It is an attack upon the system within which they live
Since 1945 the united states has attempted to
Overthrow more than 50 foreign governments
In the process the us has caused the end of life
For several million people, and condemned many millions
More to a live of agony and despair

[Verse 1:]

The strength of your dreamin
Prevents you from reason
The American dream
Only makes sense if you're sleepin

It's just a cruel fantasy
Their politics took my voice away
But their music gave it back to me

The land where their [?] Or consumed by consumption
Killing themselves to shovel down food and abundance
I guess a rapper from Britain is a rare voice
America is capitalism on steroids

Natives kept in casinos and reservations
Displaced slaves never given reparations
Take everything from Native Americans
And wonder why I call it the racist experiment

Afraid of your melanin
The same as it's ever been
That ain't gonna change
With the race of the president

I see imperialism under your skin tone
You could call it Christopher Columbus syndrome

[Chorus: x2]

Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Doesn't make any difference when they bomb your nation

O! Say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming

[Verse 2:]

The worlds entertainer
The worlds devastator
From Venezuela
To Mesopotamia

Your cameras lie
Cause they have to hide the savage crimes
Committed on leaders that happen
To try and nationalize

Eating competitions while the worlds been starvin
Beat up communism with the help of bin-laden
Where would your war of terror be without that man
Every day you create more Nidal Hassans

Kill a man from the military, you're a weirdo
But kill a wog from the Middle East you're a hero
Your country is causing screams that are never reaching ear holes
America inflicted a million ground zeros

Follow the dollar and swallow your humanity
Soldiers committing savagery you never even have to see
Those mad at me, writing in emails angrily
I'm not anti-America, America is anti-me

[Chorus: x2]

Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Is it Obamas nation or an abomination?
Doesn't make any difference when they bomb your nation

And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there,

O! Does that star spangled banner yet wave
O'er land of the free and the home of the brave

[Verse 3:]

I don't care if him and Cheney are long lost relations
What matters more is the policies I lost my patience
Stop debating bringing race into conversation
Occupation and cooperation equals profit makin

It's over - people wake up from the dream now
Nobel peace prize, jay z on speed dial
It's the substance within, not the colour of your skin
Are you the puppeteer or the puppet on the string

So many believe that they was instantly gonna change

There was still Dennis Ross, Brzezinski And Robert Gates
What happened to Chas freeman (APAC),
What happened to Tristan Anderson it's a machine that
Keeps that man breathing

I have the heart to say what all the other rappers aren't
Words like Iraq, Palestine - Afghanistan
The wars on, and you morons were all wrong
I call Obama a bomber Cause those are your bombs

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(feat. Senator John McCain)

[Woman:]

I gotta ask you a question

I do not, uh, believe in, I can't trust Obama

I I have read about him and he's not he's not he's a erm, he's an Arab

He is not (no m'am) No? *[laughter]*

[John McCain:]

No m'am, no m'am

He's a, he's a decent family man citizen that I just happen to have disagreements with on, on fundamental issues, and that's what this campaign is all about

He's not, thank you *[applause]*

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Cradle Of Civilization"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

If my mother got angry or frustrated with me, she'd say...
... and the basic translation of that is "Oh, how beautiful is freedom"
But where is freedom?
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
This is for Baghdad, the place of my mothers birth
The cradle of civilization, for what it's worth
The land I've never the seen, culture I've never known
Iraq is in my heart, my blood, my flesh and bones
The air I've never breathed, fragrance I've never smelled
The pride I never had, the nationality that I never felt
Saddam was bad, are the American's even more so?
They made me grow like I was missing part of my torso
But I never picked up a grenade in my garden
I never saw people I love die starving
I never saw my family die through many years of sanctions
While the ruler's family lived in palaces and mansions
Never had a family member kidnapped for a ransom
Never lost a friend to violence that was random
Bombings, occupation, torture, intimidation
A million dead people doesn't equal liberation
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Listen!
Where is our freedom?
Forget division based on ethnicity or religion
Whether you Sunni, Shia, Kurdish or Christian
Pain is still pain if you're a person that's missing
We all deserve a life in this earth that we live in
Is there enough words that can say
How deeply Baghdad is burning today?
And it's not about pity, hands out or sympathy
It's about pride, respect, honour and dignity
Babies being born with deformities from uranium
Those babies aren't just Iraqi, they're Mesopotamian
What I view on the news is making me shiver
Cause I look at the victims and see the same face in the mirror
This system of division makes it harder for you and me
Peace is a question, the only answer is unity!
So many dreams about this place that I've never seen
The place my family had to leave in the 70's
Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying
Where is our freedom?
It rains white phosphorus in Fallujah
This is for those that won't live to see the future
Sorry that I wasn't there, Sorry that I couldn't help
I'm sorry for every tear, Sorry you've been put through hell

Still I feel like an immigrant, englishman amongst arabs and an arab amongst englishmen

Like I said they never gave me the culture

But they did give me Kubdad Haleb, Hakaka and Dolma

Ana isme Kareem,

Wa ohmre thalatha wa-'ishrun,

Umi min Baghdad, wa abuya min Dover,

And that's the combination that I carry on my shoulders

Still I rep, till my death, Till they kill and seal my flesh

From now all the way back to Gilgamesh

Such a villianized and criticized nation

You will always be the cradle of civilization

Close my eyes, I can still hear my ummi saying

Where is our freedom?

In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me

In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me

In my sleep, in my dreams Motherland I can still feel you calling me

I can still feel you calling me

I can still feel you calling me

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(feat. Ben Affleck)

[Ben Affleck:]

You know what's interesting about this whole idea of this, this, this intolerance and this hate, and this terrorism thing, I, I noticed from the debate the other, the other day from, it wasn't the debate actually

It was this conversation he had

It was this woman who said to McCain "Obama is an Arab" (right), and he said "No no no m'am he's not an Arab"

Oh I thought this is wonderful he's repudiating this kind of intolerance and hatred

He said "No no he's not an Arab, he's a good man" (right) *[Laughter]*

(He said he's a decent citizen)

Hold on, what if I said to you, what if someone said "I heard he is a Jew" and I said ""No no he's not a Jew, he's alright" *[Laughter and Applause]*

"I hear the guy's a catholic", "Catholic? No, he's a, good decent guy" (right, yeah)

Arab and good person are not antithetical as to one another (right, that's that was) *[Applause]*

This idea of, this prejudice that we've allowed to fester in this campaign where this, we've allowed this idea where, denying the fact that Obama, who yet is not an Arab, nor is he a Muslim, we've allowed that denial to turn into the acceptance of both of those things as a legitimate slur, is really a problem, you know what I mean? (But the irony of John McCain)

These are slurs, these are category human beings, they are not slurs of people *[Applause]*

Lowkey Lyrics

"Blood, Sweat And Tears"

(feat. Klashnekoff)

[Verse 1: Klashnekoff]

As lightning strikes and thunder pounds,
Over the grey skies of East London town,
Prophecy K returns from the underground,
Signified by the peoples crying, trumpet sounds,
Yeah the system it tried to shut me down,
But I been on my ting before Onyx was flinging guns around,
Blood, sweat, and tears for years,
It feels like my careers been in the dumping ground,
Yeah this is how hunger sounds,

And I'm the hunter now, 'Lash the lion-heart,
A.k.a. the man behind the iron mask
For ten years straight I been raising the iron bar,
Tryna' breathe the life back into this dying art,
So why try and part, when you'll meet the same fate as that lion Scar,
This game's fake, full of two-faced, lie in grass
Who will sell their soul and ass just to climb the charts,
Yeah, but me I put in too much time in the graft,
Refining my craft for labels to sign me for a minor advance,
Picture K'lash miming on Trance,
Now picture Dr. Dre beats/'lash, rhyming with stars,
It's all fate and I got mine in my grasp,
Their all snakes, let them die in the past,
But who knows what the future holds,
These N.W.O. soldiers will probably shoot me cold,
All because the truth was told,
You should know I did it from the heart.

[Hook: x2]

I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

[Verse 2: Lowkey]

I don't do this for the happy ravers, or the aggie haters, [?]
I do this for the warriors and the gladiators,
I do this for those whose lives you never cared about,
Can't pronounce their names, their origins, or their whereabouts,
Those brought up around tragedy and sadness,
Who adjusted and found normality in the madness,
Fight the power, till I'm out of breathe like Malcolm X,
You empower the powerful, I empower the powerless,
They'll play you on the radio if you rap about a Gucci belt,

But rap about the government, you might aswell shoot yourself,
Industry fairies, say I rap about conspiracy theories,
Just to hide the fact they lyrically fear me,
Got the eye of a tiger, the heart of a lion,
The mind of a lifer, my stance is defiant,
I rise like a phoenix immediate from the ashes,
My existence is inconvenient for the masses,
Though we are equal I despise an imitation,
I live for my people, and die for liberation,
I stand as a visionary; someone got plans of killing me,
To literally vanish me physically like Aborigines,
Hannibal with the mask, and an animal with the bars,
I'm grappling with my shackles; I channel it through my art,
Feel it in the ambience; Champion: Heavyweight
My life is nothing but my pride is something you could never take,
Think I'm illusive?, or think I'm a nuisance?
I swear these major labels must think that I'm stupid,
Keep your 360's your convincing these dudes with,
Like I'll give you the blueprint for pimping my music,..

I say that like K'Lash, he's another lion,
Every hardship from getting scarred to my brother dying,
Spit all of it with or without a big audience,
Through the Blood, Sweat & Tears I stand victorious!

[Hook: x2]

I'm still here, pushing after several years,
I'm still here, standing strong, never in fear,

I'll be still here after the dust settles and clears,
I'll be still here after the blood, sweat and the tears,

Lowkey Lyrics

"Everything I Am"

[Hook:]

Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

[Verse 1:]

I am no role model, I am not Mr. Perfect
Been bitten a couple of times and I did deserve it
Everyday livin' and learnin' through these written verses
My life is a sacrifice, I wonder is it worth it?
People can change, I'm living physical proof
I'm not important, or special or different from you
To other people, I may seem like a good adviser
But to myself I feel like a dirty womanizer
I am just a man, I will never be a celebrity
That is a mantra I will cling to the death of me
Don't wanna feed my kids the very treachery they fed to me
Preferably the aim is equality eventually
Don't relegate me below, or elevate me above to you
Needless to say, in either place I'm uncomfortable
I treat you as an equal, I'm simply a man
Your brother in humanity is everything that I am

[Hook:]

Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

[Verse 2:]

Listen close to the words that were sang in the chorus
There's a big difference between fans and supporters
Never asked to be scrutinized or consumerized
Or treated differently to any other human life
Most don't, but some do and it saddens me
Force fed celebrity to subdue our humanity
See the false image depicted and think it's purity
When beneath that image they hold more insecurities
Than you do, but sometimes it's hard to tell who's who
There's more to life than Twitter followers and YouTube views
And if I came across like I was cocky I am sorry
You were born original so please don't die a copy
Don't relegate me below, or elevate me above to you
Needless to say, in either place I'm uncomfortable

I treat you as an equal, I'm simply a man
Your brother in humanity is everything that I am

[Hook:]

Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Everything I am, and everything I want to be
I put it in your hands, you could open up to me
Oh don't we ever get beyond this wall

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 5"

(feat. Norman Finkelstein)

[Norman Finkelstein:]

Go Ahead

[Woman:]

Hi, um, during your speech, you made a lot of references to Jewish people as well as certain people in your audience, not Jewish people in general, but certain people, especially in your audience, to Nazi's
Now that is extremely offensive when certain people are German, and their also extremely offensive to people who've actually suffered under Nazi rule *[Crying]*

[Norman Finkelstein:]

I don't respect that anymore

I really don't

I don't like and I don't respect the crocodile tears to con, the crocodile tears *[Jeers and Applause]*

No, answer folks, erm allow me to finish, and allow me to, allow me to sir

Listen sir, allow me to, allow me to finish

Sir, sir

I don't like to play, I don't like to play before an audience, the holocaust card

But since now I feel I com, Now I feel compelled to. *[Shouting]*

My late father was in Auschwitz, my late mother, please shut up! *[Applause]*

My late father was in Auschwitz, my late mother was in Majdanek concentration camp. *[Shouting]*

Every single member of my family, on my father's side, on my father's side. *[Shouting]*

(The Jews cannot take odds against the Germans!)

My father was in Auschwitz concentration camp, my late mother was in Majdanek concentration camp

Every single member of my family on both sides was exterminated

Both of my parents were in the Warsaw Ghetto uprising

And it is precisely and exactly because of the lessons my parents taught ME and my two siblings, that I will not be silenced when Israel commits it's crimes against the Palestinians, and I consider nothing more despicable then to use their suffering and their martyrdom to try to justify the torture, the brutalization, the demolition of homes, that Israel daily commits against the Palestinians, so I refuse any longer to be intimidated or browbeaten by the tears

If you had any heart in you, you would be crying for the Palestinians, not for *[unaudible]* *[Applause]*

Lowkey Lyrics

"Long Live Palestine"

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,
Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza!

While we listen to tunes, made by ignorant fools,
Israel blocked the UN from delivering food,
They'll bring in the troops and you won't even glimpse at the news,
They make money of the products that we are quick to consume,
It's not simply a question of differing views,
Forget emotions, this is fact, what I spit is the truth,
Makes no difference if you're a Christian or if you're a Jew,
They are just people living in different conditions to you,
They still die when you bomb their schools, mosques and hospitals,
It is not because of rockets, please god can you stop it all,
I'm not related to the strangers on the TV,
But I relate because those faces could have been me,
Words can never ever explain the raw tragedy,
It's not a war they're just murdering more rapidly,
We are automatically supporting pure savagery,
Imagine how you'd feel if it was your family,

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,
Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza,

Palestine remains in my heart forever,
We stand for peace, in times of war we shan't surrender,
Remember, it didn't start in that dark December,
Every coin is a bullet, if you're Mark's and Spencer,
And when your sipping Coca-Cola,
That's another pistol in the holster of a soulless soldier,
You say you know about the Zionist lobby,
But you put money in their pocket when you're buying their coffee,
Talking about revolution, sitting in Starbucks,
The fact is that's the type of thinking I can't trust,
Let alone even start to respect,
Before you talk learn the meaning of that scarf on your neck,
Forget Nestle,
Obama promised Israel 30 billion over the next decade,
They're trigger happy and they're crazy,
Think about that when you're putting Huggies nappies on your baby,

This is for Palestine, Ramallah, West Bank, Gaza,
This is for the child that is searching for an answer,
I wish I could take your tears and replace them with laughter,

Long live Palestine, Long live Gaza,

This is not just a war over stolen land,
Why do you think little boys are throwing stones at tanks?
We will never really know how many people are dead,
They drop bombs on little girls while they sleep in their beds,
Don't get offended by facts, just try and listen,
Nothing is more anti-Semitic than Zionism,
So please don't bring bad vibes when you speak to me,
I know there's plenty of Rabbi's that agree with me,
It's your choice what you do with this message,
Don't get it confused; I view this from a truly human perspective,
How many more resolutions have to be violated,
How many more children have to be annihilated
Israel is a terror state, there terrorists that terrorise,
I testify, my television televised them telling lies,
This is not a war, it is systematic genocide,
But whatever they try, Palestine will never die!

Lowkey Lyrics

"We Will Rise"

[Verse 1:]

Is it just dream?, Am I a fool for trying?
I stand defiant but my enemy's the tallest giant,
Will visions be reality? they tell me never,
I wanna feel the unity that Malcolm felt in Mecca,
I wonder if it made sense in his last moments,
People don't value the soul cause they can't hold it,
Find something real beyond death and misery,
And understand the present in the context of history,
It's been established Sykes-Picot was a bitter marriage,
Since the day Thomas Edward Lawrence tricked the Arabs,
I never back stab my people like Abu Mazen,
I'll overthrow the monarchs like Abdul Karim Qassem,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]

We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

[Verse 2:]

Guess who's back, descendant of the occupied,
I represent the sentiments of many men you've colonized,
The President is eloquent but he's never been on my side,
Melanin's irrelevant cause everything was prophecised,
There was a time when they talked about the Arab Nation,
Broke our good leaders replaced them with a pack of masons,
Took your Keffiyeh and changed it to a fashion statement,
You sat with Satan, Camp David means assassination,
Peace in your imagination, that's not real,
I've been where Arafat got poisoned and Sadat got killed,
I'm not a martyr, just a man without a Masters or a master,
Trying to unite the people like Abdul Nasser,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]

We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

[Verse 3:]

If you're my brother, you're my brother but please be loyal,
Comrades for life till we're deep in soil,
They came to the middle east told us we need royals,
Just ask Mossadeq about BP Oil,
Look at history, the pecking order you will discover,
Nationalize your resources watch your children suffer,
Are you still my brother?
Even if BAE Systems gives us weapons to kill each other,
I strike back at the empire till it falls,
Most of us invest our money in building walls,
Mark the words of the lyricist that's written this,
Any money that I do make will build a bridge,
This is a battle that many better men have died fighting,
But I hope to give an insight through my writing,
My pen fires at the men who defend liars,
I send fire till the end of your empire,

[Chorus: singer]

We will fight to live,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise,

And through the blood and tears,
We will not give up,
We will not give in,
We will rise.

Lowkey Lyrics

"My Soul"

[Intro:]

No souls to sell here mate...

They say The fool thinks himself to be wise man, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.

I say that, to say this...

[Chorus:]

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 1:]

They can't use my music to advertise for Coca Cola
They can't use my music to advertise for Motorola
They can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in
Refuse to be a product or brand, I'm human
Refuse to contribute to the gangster Illusion
Whether I'm number One, Number two, or Number Three
I'm unique and there will never be another me
And there will never be another you
Be proud of who you are, don't copy what the others do
They are not superior, you are not inferior
When we realize that is gonna be hysteria
Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus:]

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!

You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

[Verse 2:]

They can't use my music to advertise your watch or your car
Can't use it to advertise the drink you got at the bar
Can't use my music to advertise for anything
The truth, I guess that's the reason the industry won't let me in

My Integrity is the reason I'm thinking separately
Keep your three-sixty I can do this independently
It's likely I'm quite mad (why?)
Cause I say with ease slavery gave the streets Nikey's and I-pads
They don't like my rhymes, see my style is like a lecture
But I'd rather die, than smile with my oppressor
I'm an honourable student, with the facts and you're Ju-dish
Your not Hip Hop or Grime, your just McDonald's music

Not commercial, always controversial what my pen has written
When they listen many have risen from the mental prison
That's why you don't see my face upon the television
But every time I try to sleep I hear the devil singing

[Chorus: x2]

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my life,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

You might take my freedom,
But you can't take my soul!
You can't take my soul!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 6"

I tried hard to be proud of my service, but all I could feel was shame.

Racism could no longer mask the reality of the occupation.

These were people, these were human beings.

I've since been plagued by guilt, any time I see an elderly man, like the one who couldn't walk, who we rolled onto a stretcher, and told the Iraqi police to take him away.

I feel guilt anytime I see a mother with her children, like the one who cried hysterically, and screamed that we're worse than Saddam, as we forced her from her home.

I feel guilt anytime I see a young girl, like the one I grabbed by the arm, and dragged into the street.

We were told we were fighting terrorists... the real terrorist was me, and the real terrorism was this occupation.

Racism within the military has long been an important tool to justify the destruction and occupation of another country, it has long been used to justify the killing, subjugation and torture of another people.

Racism is a vital weapon employed by this government; it is a more important weapon than a rifle, a tank, a bomber, or a battleship; it is more destructive than an artillery shell, or a bunker buster, or tomahawk missile. While all those weapons are created and owned by this government, they are harmless without people willing to use them.

Those who send us to war, do not have to pull the trigger, or lob a mortar round; they do not have to fight the war, they merely have to sell the war.

They need a public who's willing to send their soldiers into harm's way.

They need soldiers who are willing to kill and be killed, without question...

They can spend millions on a single bomb, but that bomb only becomes a weapon, when the ranks of the military are willing to follow orders to use it.

They can send every last soldier anywhere on Earth, but there will only be a war, if soldiers are willing to fight.

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Butterfly Effect"

(feat. Adrian)

[Hook: Adrian]

If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave

[Repeat]

[Verse 1:]

I see an old lady holding the door
As I tumble out my wheel chair and roll to the floor
First thing in the morning in the grocery store
Not sure if this alcoholics body can hold me no more
I hustled up enough change for the whiskey in my hand
Tried to tell all the people but they didn't understand
Too many years spent sleeping in the gutters
On my hands and on my knees, eating from the rubbish
Roam the streets with very little keeping me sane
Too many twisted visions left engraved deep in my brain
Nightmares are right there and I don't think good thoughts
Happy memories became haze and days when I could walk
Make me hate those that have a life and could stand
Do you people know what I sacrificed for this land
My aching heart can't feel the bladed glass in my feet
Don't take a glance cause I'm just a face you pass in the street

[Hook: Adrian]

If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave

[Repeat]

[Verse 2:]

Evicted from my home couldn't scrape up the right rent
No heat in there all I had was the lights left
Spent months eating sleeping shitting in my mess
Thinking back to when my wife left, I was quite stressed
Guess all my addictions had got the best of me
Sometimes I wish to change my fate or was it destiny
Look up to the sky on rough nights wondering why
I saw our baby girl pass in front of my eyes
Before it the thought of it tortured me
Only lived six days was born with deformities
Still the birth really filled me with joy
Even though I kinda hoped it would still be a boy
I was dealing with demons I carried with me daily

Wanted to carry on my name when I had the little baby
Thinking in deep ways til my soul is torn
Of the bitter sweet day I came home from war

[Hook: Adrian]

If you could go back, what would you change
What would you do again ever would remain the same
What would you give, and what would you keep
What would you take, and what would you leave

[Repeat]

[Verse 3:]

I roll out the hospital on honorable discharge
I looked down saw my body with horrible big scars
Brave face but it was bad at night I would break down
I woke up and I was paralyzed from the waist down
Was in a coma for a few weeks before I closed my eyes
I was just another soldier with two feet
On all type of drugs that set me higher
Shot by my comrade official name friendly fire
Everyone was screaming but I only heard her
And everyone was crying but I only heard her
As I looked down to what I had done
I had a split second to contemplate what I had become
Like it or not trained to kill like it was a job
Wild or not she was just a child with a rock
Threat in my eye and the power in my left hand
I swear my finger slipped and then the trigger went bang...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Obama Nation (Pt. 2)"

(feat. M-1 & Black the Ripper)

[Hook:]

I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Sample: Lupe Fiasco]

Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 1: M-1]

After you divorce yourself from the right wing
Propaganda campaign, it's all simple and plain
America customized the game
Your president got an African name, now who you gone blame?
When they drop them bombs out of them planes
Using depleted uranium, babies looking like two headed aliens
Follow the money trail it leads to the criminal
Ain't nothing subliminal to it, that's how they do it
See they game they run, give a fuck if he's cunning
Articulate and handsome, Afghanistan held for ransom
By the hand of this black man, neo-colonial puppet
White power with a black face, he said fuck it I'll do it
A master of disguise, expert at telling lies
Then they gave him a Nobel Peace Prize
Should of known he was trained in Chicago
Word to Chairmen Fred and Mark Clark
What they do in the dark will come out in the light
Like a wiki leaks site
So I guess Nkrumah was right, who's ready to fight?
Last stage of imperialism, I ain't kiddin'
In the immortal words of Marvin Gaye 'This ain't living'

[Hook:]

Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]

Limbaugh is a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 2: Black The Ripper]

O.B.A.M.A
You ain't fooling everyone I see the games you play

You was V.I.P. at the B.I.C
And we know that's code name for C.I.A
The same way your cameras are watching us we're watching you
Think we're easy to control you ain't got a clue
Revolutions on the way, let's see what your gonna do
You gonna send the troops? You gonna drop the nukes?
See it's not where you're from it's where you're at
He's sitting in the White House so who cares if he's black
And why's there soldiers still out there in Iraq?
Natural resources ain't yours, it's theirs give it back!
You're just another puppet but I'm not surprised
Look at Colin Powell and Condoleezza Rice
They didn't change shit, house nigga's fresh off the slave ship
You'll all burn in hell even Michelle, Obama Nation

[Hook:]

I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]

Limbaugh was a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

[Verse 3: Lowkey]

Was the bigger threat from Osama or from Obama?
Military bases from Chagos to Okinawa
I say things that other rappers won't say
Cause my mind never closed like Guantanamo Bay
Hope you didn't build a statue or tattoo your arm
Cause the drones are still flying over Pashtunistan
Did he defend the war? No! He extended more
He even had the time to attempt a coup in Ecuador
Morales and Chavez, the state's are on a hunt for ya
Military now stationed on bases in Columbia
Take a trip to the past and tell em I was right
Ask Ali Abunimah or Jeremiah Wright
Drones over Pakistan, Yemen and Libya
Is Obama the bomber getting ready for Syria?
First black president, the masses were hungry
But the same president just bombed an african country

[Hook:]

I don't, I don't want no, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna, vote for your inauguration
Cause I don't need your, Obama, Obama nation (abomination)
I'm not gonna

[Lupe Fiasco:]

Limbaugh was a racist, Glenn Beck is a racist
Gaza strip was getting bombed, Obama didn't say shit

Lowkey Lyrics

"Dear England"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Chorus:]

Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

[Verse 1:]

They say God save the queen,
Britannia rules the waves,
Britannia's in my genes
But Britannia called us slaves
Britannia made the borders
Cause Britannia's forces came
Britannia lit the match
But Britannia fears the flame
Where blood stains the pavement
Tears stain a cheek
And privilege is threatened, the fear reigns supreme
Where bankers are earning, from burning and looting
The nervous are shooting, search for solutions
I shed a tear for the father in Birmingham
Quick swerve of the car and it murdered them
In Tottenham the apartments were burning
And nobody came just arson is circling
All wanna be down
Till TV's get robbed like jewels on the queens crown
They say now no cause for a rebound
See now they call me a fool cause I speak out
People are humans but mind is animals
This violent tyrannical system is fallable
Hand in the loot by the minute you see 'em
But the biggest looters are the British museum
This happened here and you think it's a accident
Just relax as we slip into fascism
And the fear gets drilled into your hearts
But remember these children are all ours

[Chorus:]

Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

[Verse 2:]

If a policeman can kill a black man where he found him
A soldier can kill an Afghan in the mountains
A petty thief can get ransacked from his housing
While the bankers are lounging
That's my surroundings
Took land, no one in your family has heard of
Before you sleep, whisper the mantra you learnt cause
Never will there be a day that cameras are turned off
Who runs this country, Cameron or Murdoch
Who's the government, a government that can't govern
Can't you figure it's ways bigger than Mark Duggan
Bigger than Smiley, bigger than Jean Charles
Hundreds are dead not one killer is on trial
Just a familiar sound of hysteria
Bombs over Libya but not this area
Downing Street I can find villains
Cut education, privatize prisons
Surprised by theft when it's organized,
But mass immorality is normalized
Assumptions surrounding the looting of London
But this is a system consumed by consumption
Yea it happened here and you think it's a accident
Just relax as we slip into fascism
And the fear gets drilled into your hearts
But remember these children are all ours

[Chorus: x2]

Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing
Dear England,
Whoa, give me the words, give me the words
That tell me nothing

Lowkey Lyrics

"Haunted"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]

I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Verse 1:]

My brother died when I was 18
Now I'm 24 and I keep having the same dream
My days seem to past fast, but now I hate sleep
So when they say stay free I really know what they mean
Just remember I was destined to fail
At every level they tell you the rebels will never prevail
Heaven or hell, whatever the weather, you never can tell
You know you've lost a loved one when you remember their smell
I was born to fight oppression, but I'm traumatized and stressin'
With this borderline depression I swear I'm haunted by your presence
You get all of my confessions, pray the lord provides his blessing
And I soar as high as heaven but it's sort of like I'm guessing
Cause I'm older than you were when you died, I'm nervous inside
In the afterlife, are you the age you were when you died?
It's puzzling me, that would be something to see
Face-to-face with an older brother that's younger than me
I'm still haunted...

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]

I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Verse 2:]

When I was 18 my older brother killed himself
Now I'm 24 and I'm sittin' in this flipping cell
No comment why they raid my home, I'm waitin' to be given bail
Wish me well, don't know where I'm headed, I hope it isn't jail
It's a strange feelin' when your face is on the news
And they try to twist your lyrics, claim it's hatred for the Jews
Everybody's waitin' to assume, debatin' all your views
When they would do the same if they were in your shoes
It's like barristers, court cases, solicitors and law suits
Prayin' for my freedom while I'm sittin' in the court room
I am just a simple man spittin' these ideas
But the CPS fantasize about givin' me 5 years

Til the day they release my spirit and it's peaceful
Digest the words in every lyric that I leave you
A true leader knows, it's the citizens that leads you
When I go, just know, that I did it for the people

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]

I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
I can feel you here, watchin' me
Whispers that I hear are haunting me
Feel it in the air

[Repeat]

[Outro:]

What's the meaning of it all?

Lowkey Lyrics

"Terrorist? (Pt. 2)"

(feat. Crazy Haze & Mai Khalil)

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]

They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 1: Crazy Haze]

First of all, allow my client Kareem Dennis
Simplify his messages and dissect the evidence
That placed him on the terror list, spread the lies of television
My client is standing accused of encouraging terrorism
He's promoting peace, far from violent encouragement
I believe it's unjust that this court has summoned him
How can one man rapping, lead to terrorist actions?
This misunderstanding merits a retraction
Accused of calling for attacks on military facilities
You can't equate violence with criticism politically
Where's the freedom of speech?
He's just another young musician who is seeking a dream
My client is accused of inciting racial tension
He's half-Arab, half-English, did I fail to mention?
The media rendered his reputation ruined
Think about how many youngsters he has influenced
To quit a life of crime and do the opposite
Most of the man's tracks are completely devoid of politics
The evidence is unseen, the verdict is a done deed
How can you compare a song to invading a country?
My client isn't hungry for the blood of the people
Since when has making a rap song ever been illegal
Or murderous? The only thing that drives this person is love
I rest my case to the jury and the merciful judge

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]

They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 2: Crazy Haze & Lowkey]

Sir, can you confirm you're the artist that's known as Lowkey?

I can
Are you aware the state has been building this case since 03?
I am
You claim that you're all about love and you promote peace
I'm here to prove that your hot speeches lead to cold deeds
Your lyrics are a virus infecting all the youths
You say whatever it takes to get a mention on the news
You're an insult to the people and offend the soldiers too
Objection, your Honour
Objection overruled
Do you denounce the monarchy and hope for a republic?
Monarchy is inequality, systemic injustice
While you strangle Afghanistan and tangle with Taliban
Our taxes have to pay for David Cameron's cameraman
How can you compare spreading anarchy to spreading democracy?
Like you compare resistance to extension of colonies
Did you really refer to the U.S. as an abomination?
No, I posed a question in reference to its domination
I scrutinise governments, you scrutinise songs
Did you compare predator drones to suicide bombs?
Yes and I question where such brutalised youth would rise from
It's true, I choose to right wrongs but you can write wrongs
But what if your questions equate to the spreading of hate?
Is it true you labeled Israel a terrorist state?
Yes, cause it's based on the threat to erase an indigenous population you could never replace

[Chorus: Mai Khalil]

They calling me a terrorist, we know who the terror is
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
They calling me a terrorist, it is time to settle this
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
I'm all about love and peace, why you wanna trouble me?
Tell them that I'm not (guilty)
My intentions are clear to see

[Verse 3: Lowkey]

Please allow me to state the most relevant of facts
I'm charged with section 1 of 06's Terrorism Act
It is alleged the music I'm publishing for exhibition
All amounts to the encouragement of terrorism
My face was placed up on the news as a wanted person
Cause it caused controversy when they saw my songs emerging
If I was commercial would I have to ride all these hurdles?
Raided my home, take my phone, put some spies in my circle?
Not on it, no comment, I will never change my position
Not in jail, but they gave me these stale bail conditions
And this is the part where the plot just gets sinister
They banned from the City of London and Westminster
I do this for the rebels that do this without the medals
For Smiley Culture, Jody McIntyre and Alfie Meadows
Before you throw it at me, have a look at your backwards book
Definition of terrorism, Columbus and Captain Cook
I can't lie, it's getting deep, our lives are very cheap

And one person dies in police custody every week
They're editing my tracks cause I'm telling them the facts
You're more likely to die like that than from a terrorist attack
When you try to fight a war, they will say you defy the law
Can't quiet me, this is R.I.P. for Brian Haw
We know the truth, no matter what you tell 'em on the television
IMF, World Bank, economic terrorism
I refuse to produce chart nonsense
Not a servant to the Zionist lobby like Mark Thompson
The BBC want me making music to impress crooks
Or doing shows on military bases like Tim Westwood
Murdoch might have the news, but me, I have the tunes
Your cameras move onto celebrities to distract the youth
Remember this fact is true
When you point your finger at me there is three fingers pointing back at you

Lowkey Lyrics

"Million Man March"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Intro:]

You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

[Verse 1:]

Whether it's a cancer patient or assassination
Or I fought for emancipation
My intentions were pure, you can debate 'em
But no, never ever shook hands with Satan
My fans are amazing, I thank and praise 'em
When I die, don't cry, just congratulations
A million more feet will stamp the pavement
With plans of changes, no exaggeration
We will not be ignored
You'll be rocked with the force of the bombs that you dropped in these wars
I will not be bought
And I consciously thought it was wrong, so I constantly fought
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war so give me a sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]

Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]

My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Verse 2:]

In these critical times don't be really surprised
If I get victimized by Gideon's spies
I sympathize with that Brazilian guy
On the tube, but we're used to the hideous lie
Your civilians die - millions cry
Our civilians die - they're militants, right?
How silly am I to be figuring why
The injustice is clear, and I feel it inside
Hear me in Gaza, here me in Glasgow
Hear me in Baghdad, hear me in Plaistow
Clearly they hear me from here to Chicago
Think things are all good but they aren't though
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war so give me a sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]

Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
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[Hook:]

My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Verse 3:]

My people are bleedin'
So I'm readin' and seekin' the deepest of meanin's
My demons are breedin'
In my sleep I can feel it, I need to defeat 'em
My temperature's risin'
If tempted I'll rise with the temper of Tyson
Resent all the violence
Cause of people with tension
It tends to divide them
The pen that I write with
Is better than a sword when I strike with the strength of a Titan
My friends are still fighting against all the tyrants

So then why would it end when I die then?
Peace is something I would really adore
But we are at war my pen's killing your sword
I'm merely a corpse, but still be assured
When you kill me there will be a million more

[Pre-Hook:]

Born alone and die alone
Those words ringin' inside my dome
Best friends are the pen and the microphone
Roamin' until I find my way home
Turn my body cold but my soul is mine
Take a deep breath and I close my eyes
I will go when I'm supposed to die
But in death I will multiply

[Hook:]

My back's against the wall
But you can't kill us all
Even if you take my life
Still we will survive
We shall overcome
And the tables will turn
Today I die as one, but as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return
But as millions I'll return

[Outro:]

You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul

You might take my life
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul
You might take my freedom
But you can't take my soul
You can't take my soul